

HOW THAT STORY DID GROW.

Mr. Fosdick's Black Eyes and What Caused Them.

A Fable That Illustrates the Danger of Gossip.

[From the Philadelphia Press.]
 Snodgrass—Hello, Snively! Have you seen Fosdick this morning?
 Snively—No. Why?
 Snodgrass—He's got two lovely black eyes.

Snively—What was the difficulty?
 Snodgrass—Haven't time to explain now. Here comes my car. Tell you later.
 Te-ty!

Snively—I didn't know that Fosdick was of a quarrelsome disposition. Did you, Kickshaw?
 Kickshaw—No; what do you mean?
 Snively—He must have been in a terrible row. I hear he has two awful black eyes to-day.

Kickshaw—That's bad.
 Snively—Yes, isn't it? So long!

Kickshaw—Do you call on Mrs. Fosdick, my dear?
 Mrs. Kickshaw—Yes, quite often. We are good friends.

Kickshaw—I don't think I'd go again until a little difficulty I heard of to-day is explained.
 Mrs. Kickshaw—What is it?
 Mrs. Kickshaw—Well, it seems Mr. Fosdick is not fit to be seen to-day. His face is frightfully disfigured and his eyes show severe usage. I couldn't quite make out whether he had been engaged in an ordinary saloon row and got severely punished, or whether he and his wife had a quarrel and she threw a flat-iron at him. At any rate, I'd keep away from the Fosdicks for awhile.

Mrs. Kickshaw—(half an hour later)—Oh, Mrs. Dimmick, have you heard of the awful quarrel Mr. and Mrs. Fosdick have had?
 Mrs. Dimmick—Indeed! I have been expecting to hear something of that kind from there. Tell me all about it.

Mrs. Dimmick—Well, I don't know all the details, but what I have got pretty straight. It seems that Mr. Fosdick got into a brawl in a saloon and several men beat him unmercifully. Then he went home and his wife scolded him so he actually struck her. This made her angry and she threw a flat-iron at him, hitting him between the eyes. He's nearly blinded and disfigured for life. I'd think there'd be some applications for divorce in that family pretty soon.

Mrs. Dimmick—I've heard to-day the wildest news about Mr. and Mrs. Fosdick.
 Mrs. Bunting—Oh, do tell me!
 Mrs. Dimmick—Well, he went home drunk and abused her and she hit him with a flat-iron and knocked him insensible. It was thought for some time he was dead and the neighbors were going to have her arrested for murder, but finally he came to. She went right home to her mother, and has sent for an attorney to begin suit for divorce.

Mrs. Bunting—What a pity! I always thought they were such a loving couple.
 Mrs. Dimmick—Oh, you can never tell. I've had my suspicions about them for a long time, but I never said a word to anybody about them.
 Mrs. Bunting—Mrs. Larkin, if you read in the papers about a sensational divorce suit don't be astonished.

Mrs. Larkin—Who is it? Is it anybody I know?
 Mrs. Bunting—I should think it was. It's Mrs. Fosdick!
 Mrs. Larkin—Mrs. Fosdick!
 Mrs. Bunting—Yes, it's too true. It seems that while we have always thought her husband such an exemplary young man, he has been going down the steep and slippery path of intemperance. He got into a low saloon fight and was nearly killed by the wicked men who congregate in such places, and went home in such a plight that his wife fainted. When she came to there was an awful scene. They came to blows.

The brute struck at her with his heavy cane, and she seized upon the nearest thing to defend herself with. It happened to be a flat-iron, and she almost killed him with it. They are making great efforts to bust it up, but it is all over town, and she has filed an application for divorce. They say the developments will be decidedly racy.

Mr. Fosdick (at the opera)—My dear, I wonder why people look at us in such a queer way to-night.
 Mrs. Fosdick—I don't know, I'm sure. Is my hat all right?
 Mr. Fosdick—Perfectly straight, love. I noticed that two or three men I knew turned their backs and pretended not to see me. I can't understand it.

Mrs. Fosdick—Neither can I. And that reminds me that I saw Mrs. Kickshaw and Mrs. Dimmick awhile ago coming right towards us, when they suddenly turned and went in another direction. What does it mean, Frank?
 Mr. Fosdick—Now you've got me.

Snively (meeting Snodgrass a day or two later)—Oh, by the way, tell me about that row that Fosdick got into.
 Snodgrass—He didn't get into any row that I know of.
 Snively—But you told me he had two lovely black eyes.
 Snodgrass—So he has. He was born with them.

HIS WIFE'S PRIDE.

He Was a Small Man, but She Got Him Big Shirts.

The wife of an employee of the Pennsylvania Railroad gave a very amusing exhibition of family pride in a dry-goods store a few days ago, says the Blooming-ton News.

Her husband is a very tall, thin man; the chest measure of his clothing is very small, and when he buys underclothing he gets the smallest sizes.

His wife is a large woman. She had come into a store to purchase underclothing for her husband, and while standing at the counter examining the goods a little bit of a woman came in, and, seeing the goods being discussed, said:

"That is what I want; some under-shirts for my husband. No. 38, please."
 "What number will you have?" said the salesman, addressing the first woman.
 "No. 38, please," was the reply.
 The two women bought the same size garments, one buying for a big-chested man and the other for a narrow-chested man. When the latter took her purchase home and displayed it to her husband he was astonished to find the shirts so big. He said:

"What the—did you buy such big shirts for?"
 "Because."
 "Well, because what? I can't wear them."
 "I don't care. I was not going to stand alongside of a little bit of a woman and buy shirts for a little bit of a man when she was buying shirts for a great big one. If you haven't any pride, I have; that's why I bought the big shirts."

SCENES IN THE SHOPPING DISTRICTS.

Sketches from Instantaneous Photographs Taken Yesterday—Do You Recognize Yourself in Any of These Groups?



IN FRONT OF EHRICH'S, SIXTH AVENUE AND TWENTY-THIRD STREET—11.25 A. M.



BY BRENTANO'S UNION SQUARE—11.50 A. M.



BROADWAY AND EIGHTEENTH STREET—11.45 A. M.



MACY'S, FOURTEENTH STREET AND SIXTH AVENUE—12 M.



NEAR STERN'S ON TWENTY-THIRD STREET—11.30 A. M.



BROADWAY AND NINETEENTH STREET—11.40 A. M.

THE MINISTER TOOK THE HINT.

He Proves to Be an Obstacle in the Way of a Dinner.

A Methodist minister, who is according to the Washington Star, now stationed here, while relating some reminiscences of his early days in the ministry, said:

"One day while travelling between stations I so timed myself as to arrive at a good brother's in the country about dinner time. I hitched my horse and went in. Brother H. was absent from home, and the wife and daughters appeared glad to see me. We chatted pleasantly for a half hour or more.

"I was very hungry, and was sure dinner was being prepared, as the girls had dropped out of the room one by one, so I tarried, but was very uneasy, and thought the lady of the house was becoming so.

A VANISHING TRICK EXPLAINED.

Theory of the Stage Trick Is Readily Explained.

The secret of the vanishing lady trick has been divulged in a French scientific journal, says a writer in London, Ont., Free Press. Most people believed that the figure disappeared by a trap in the stage, but the "trick" of spreading a newspaper on the floor was not so easily explained.

It turns out that the newspaper is really a sheet of India rubber printed over and has a slit in it by which the figure escapes.

As for the silk shawl, which in the more recent exhibitions of the trick appeared to vanish with the lady, it is simply whisked off the stage by an invisible wire too quickly to be seen.

Weak Men

Facile, Quicks, Permanently Restored. Weakness, Nervousness, Debility, and all other ailments of the male system, caused by over-exhaustion, loss of vitality, or any other cause, are cured by the use of the "Weak Men" medicine. It is a powerful tonic and restorative, and will cure all ailments of the male system, and restore the system to its normal state. Address: MEDICAL CO., 66 Nassau St., New York.

\$500,000
 Nearly a
 HALF
 MILLION
 DOLLARS

worth of Medium and
 Fine Clothing at a sac-
 rifice.

TO-DAY
 A. Raymond & Co.

commence a
 Dissolution
 SALE

A change in our firm on Jan. 1, 1892, makes it imperative for us to reduce stock to the utmost extent before that date.

Elegant lines of Business Suits, Street and Half Dress Suits, Full Dress Suits, Coats and Vests, independent Coats, Reefing Jackets, Trousers for business and dress wear, fancy Vests, Overcoats in extensive variety, Ulsters for every kind of men. Furnishing goods for the millions.

Every garment we offer manufactured by ourselves from reliable textures and in a superior manner.

Few chances occur in a lifetime to purchase first-class clothing at the prices we offer it. It will pay every person who has to buy Men's Clothing, either for present or future wear, to avail himself of our unavoidable situation.

OUR NECESSITY, YOUR OPPORTUNITY.

AT BOTH STORES,
 A. Raymond & Co.
 254 and 256 Broadway
 AND
 Cor. Fulton and Nassau Sts.

HE HAD TRIED ONE.

The Fountain Pen Cut Short His Remarks on Inventions.

They were still seated at the table after tea. He was in the habit of airing his knowledge on such occasions, says the Detroit Free Press.

"Inventions are sometimes called after their inventors," he began. "The monkey-wrench, for instance, was called after Mr. Monkey."

"Was the slot machine invented by Mr. Slot?" asked Tommie.

"No, child. The daguerreotype is called after Mr. Daguerre."

"And the telescope after William Tell?"

"Why no, Tom. Be quiet. Mr. Derick invented the derrick."

"Was the fountain pen invented by Mr. Fontaine?"

"No, you little idiot. The fountain pen was invented by the devil. Wife, put this boy to bed."

TAKING SOLDIER FROM TIN CANS.

A New Industry Which Brings Profit to the Promoter.

There is little in this world that the ingenuity of man cannot turn to account. In South Boston the other day a Globe reporter's attention was attracted to a man upon the salt marsh who was busy feeding a portable furnace with fuel, while around him were thousands of old tin cans.

"What are you doing?" asked the reporter.
 "Boiling cans," replied the operator. As he spoke he threw a ladle full of crude petroleum, a barrel of which was placed near by, into the huge pot. It blazed up, sending dense volumes of black smoke curling seaward over the salt marsh.
 "Yes, sir, boiling old cans for the soldier and refuse iron. They cost us \$2 a ton, and there are 8,000 tomato cans in a ton."
 "Out of this quantity about how much solder can you extract?"
 "Some fifty-five pounds in the rough, which, when clarified, dwindles down to about forty. This we dispose of to the plumbers. Oh, yes, there's money in it."

A REAL NEWSPAPER'S REAL
 SPORTING EXTRA!

THE EVENING WORLD

SPORTING EDITION.

In THE EVENING WORLD'S Sporting Extra you will find

The best daily racing accounts;
 The best daily column of sporting gossip;
 The most timely cartoons;
 The best Wall Street summary and tables;
 The best general news of each Day;
 The best Evening Paper that ONE CENT can buy.

IT COVERS THE WHOLE FIELD.

RACING ACCOUNTS, daily, in THE EVENING WORLD Sporting Extra. The most complete stories of events on the track put in type the same day they occur.

"THE TURF" is a daily column in THE EVENING WORLD Sporting Extra. It is a most interesting department to all followers of racing events, presenting, as it does, general racing news, notes and commentaries, information as to the condition of horses named for coming events, and timely tips on racers whose form makes them worthy the attention of speculators. Prepared by a special writer.

SPORTING GOSSIP, attractively presented, is a daily feature of THE EVENING WORLD Sporting Extra. The general news and announcements of the athletic clubs, the latest developments and promised events in pugilism, aquatics and all general sports are found in this department, which is always up to the times and up to the readers' demand. All prepared by a special writer.

SPORTING DATES.—A calendar printed daily in THE EVENING WORLD Sporting Extra, giving times and places of coming athletic and general sporting events, of local bearing.

What "The Evening World" Sporting Extra Does:

It knocks out time;
 It distances Competition;
 It always makes a hit.

WHAT IT DOES NOT:

It never strikes out;
 It never "Quits";
 It is never caught napping.